

7-9-1942

## Embry-Riddle Fly Paper 1942-07-09

Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

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# EMBRY-RIDDLE

## Fly Paper

"STICK TO IT"

VOL. IV

JULY, 9, 1942

NO. 12

### LATIN AMERICANS GO WILD WEST FOR WEEK-END AT ARCADIA RODEO

Boss Riddle threw a week-end party for the Tech School Latin American cadets and, in turn, one of their number threw a bull at the Arcadia rodeo for him!

They left Miami at six o'clock Saturday morning, according to our reliable source of information, four station wagon loads of 'em, Arcadia bound. Visiting and inspecting all the fields, the South Americans were enthusiastic.

"Best organization for training pilots in the world," said one. Treading on dangerous ground, we asked them which field they liked best, but opinion was divided. Perhaps the most votes were cast for Dorr—(just because they spent the most time there, of course, Carlstrom and Riddle-ites).

#### At the Rodeo

Breakfast at Riddle Field, and lunch at Dorr, swimming, and then the Arcadia super-duper rodeo, complete with broncs and steers, races, exhibitions, contests, ropin' and throwin'.

Our "good neighbors" were honor guests at the rodeo, were introduced over the loud speaker and everything. They were particularly impressed by the hospitality and friendliness of Arcadians and Field personnel.

In describing the rodeo, our informant said, "the field was grassy—it is never that way in South America. The best kind of play they did was to—how do you say it? Drive the cows. Rope the cows. That was very exciting. One man was hurt.

#### Cadet Demonstration

Pat Geoghegan, South American rodeo star in his own right, gave a roping demonstration and nabbed a bull, much to the delight of the crowd.

That night the boys visited the town, went to the movies, talked to the people, asked and answered questions.

#### Liked Arcadia

"They stopped us in the street to ask us how to say things in Latin Americans, Page 12, Col. 3

### REPORTER VISITS NO. 5 B. F. T. S. TAKES IN LINKS, HOSPITAL, CANTEEN

Headline news at Riddle Field this week, it seems to us, is the progress being made on the band shell and patio in front of the mess hall, the new Link building, and the roads.

We went up to Clewiston a day or so ago, and spent our time when we weren't walking back and forth to the canteen in the Link building and the hospital. Visiting, you understand, in both places.

Of course, the old Link building is almost completely hidden by the new construction mushrooming up all around it. Oh, the new place will be an elegant affair, all right. Each link in a separate room, and all air-conditioned. And one more trainer than they have now. And offices for the instructors, too.

#### New Link Building

But for the visitor, having all the trainers in one big room is kinda fun, because you can wander about and watch the progress of all the students, and watch them make their turns and patterns, and go into their cute little spins if the air speed drops. (Of course, the latter rarely, if ever, occurs?)

#### Kibitzer's Nightmare

The progress the "plane" is making is charted on a big hunk of paper on the instructor's desk, as he whispers severe and difficult things into the microphone before him. We watched a student do a maltese cross pattern, which was great sport, except that we learned that sideline kibitzing doesn't do a bit of good, since the poor innocent inside the trainer honestly can't hear you when you say, "Oops, just a leetle bit more to the right now . . ."

When the student we were watching got through, his pattern was that of a maltese cross, all right, but a little wobbly. But who wouldn't be, with 50-leven instruments to watch all at the same time?

#### Popular Paper

During the midst of all this, and while one student was going into a spin because Jack Hopkins, his Turn to Clewiston, Page 10, Col. 1



### OLD TIMERS GATHER AT DEAUVILLE PARTY

MIAMI BEACH—The Embry-Riddle "Victory Vacation Parties" every week-end at the Macfadden Deauville are getting better 'n' better. Last Saturday, July 4th, turned out one of the best crowds we've had in several months . . . more than 300 people in all, with about a hundred of them coming over in the early afternoon to enjoy swimming and and the buffet supper prior

to dancing in the evening. Particularly gratifying was the turnout of "old timers" who keep coming back to renew old friendships and get acquainted with new members of the "family." Above are shown five of the almost original "Riddleites"—all of whom have about two years or more of service with the School. Left to right are GEORGE ECKART, formerly Municipal and now at Carlstrom Field; JIMMIE COUSINS, formerly Municipal and now at Riddle Field; BUDDIE SHELTON, student-employee at the Seaplane Base and soon to be an Instructor; BOB JOHNSTON, oldest employee in the School, starting at the Seaplane Base, thence to Chief Flight Instructor at Mu-

Victory Vacation, Page 6, Col. 4



# EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER

"STICK TO IT"

Published Weekly by  
EMBRY-RIDDLE



## RIDDLE AERONAUTICAL INSTITUTE

Carlstrom Field, Arcadia, Florida

\* \* \*

## RIDDLE AERONAUTICAL INSTITUTE

Dorr Field, Arcadia, Florida

\* \* \*

## EMBRY-RIDDLE SCHOOL OF AVIATION

Miami, Fla.

## RIDDLE-McKAY AERO INSTITUTE OF TENNESSEE

Embry-Riddle Field  
Union City, Tenn.

## RIDDLE-McKAY AERO COLLEGE

Riddle Field, Clewiston, Florida

\* \* \*

JOHN PAUL RIDDLE, *President*

\* \* \*

F. C. "BUD" BELLAND, *Editor*

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Staff Photographer

## SEAPLANE BASE NEWS

by Bill Linkroum

### Up and At 'Em

At this writing our Base is once more a center of activity with flying resumed at the old place. To our students we owe a vote of appreciation for their patience while we looked up some new ships for them to fly. Ad Thompson drove to Fort Pierce and returned with a new ship for us. Mr. Carpenter went with him and they were driven by one of the new Chauffeurs—or should I say Chauffeurettes. Lucky fellows!

### Ground School Capers

Charlie Stahler expects to complete his ratings necessary for a commercial ground school instructorship. To date, Charlie has had his hands full with private students, but has decided to branch out into the commercial field. With this accomplished, our Base will be equipped to handle most all the courses necessary for molding a pilot. Mr. E. F. Swan has joined us for a Controlled Private Course. Mr. Swan is a very good friend of our old pal, Art Griffiths, now working for the Navy out Opa Locka way.

### Around the Base

With the special permission of CAA Inspector Bill Hutchins, Ad landed our new Cub right next door on the Blimp Base. Wheels of course are now removed and pontoons have now been added. Come hurricane warnings, and on go the wheels again for a hurried trip to Municipal for safekeeping. Just an amphibious bunch, that's all!

Incidentally, one for the books was Charlie Stahler's description of a Zap Flap to a group of students the other day. With tongue in cheek, Charlie said, "A Zap Flap is to an Airplane as a Zoot Suit is to a Drape Shape." A walking rainbow, eh, Whitehead!

### Popular Mechanix

Wayne Tucker is proving a valuable asset to us here. His work is thorough and he is sincere. Let's get that A License, Wayne old boy, so we can be complete in fact as well as theory. What we are trying to attain down here is a complete unit that will hum by itself as part of the whole company. Ad and yours truly are directing our entire effort along those lines.

— WE'LL RULE THE BLUE IN '42 —

Clear your engine in the glide,  
And you will have a safer ride!

## LIEUTENANT WILLIAM G. HOSFORD

CARLSTROM FIELD

June 1, 1942, in aerial combat to defend his country,  
in the far Eastern theatre of war

*"Out of the strain of the Doing,  
Into the peace of the Done;  
Out of the thirst of Pursuing,  
Into the rapture of Won;  
Out of gray mist into brightness,  
Out of pale dusk into dawn,—  
Out of all wrong into rightness,  
We from these fields shall be gone."*

*"Nay," say the Saints, "not gone, but come,  
Into Eternity's Harvest Home!"*

## BUDDING ROMANCE

Anything ya want, come to the FLY PAPER staff and we'll be glad to oblige. Cigarettes, candy, hair restorer, sympathy, advice—anything. But our latest role is that of Cupid . . . It seems that Municipal flight instructor Jimmy Gilmore had seen and admired from afar our li'l Patsy McGuirt, the elevator gal at the Main Office.

No sooner had he mentioned this admiration when the FLY PAPER staff rolled into action. First step in a procedure of this sort is vital statistics. Such as Jimmy being six feet tall, 21 years old, and weighing 180 pounds and—well—

not too ugly, and wanting to go jukin'. And such as Patsy's wearing cute clothes and being 19, and graduating from Edison.

This taken care of, the next step is called the approach subtle, or arranging the first date. Unselfish as he is, James arranged his for the day after pay day, i. e., this past Tuesday. We're dying to hear how it turned out, but Patsy and Jimmy just smile and smile and say nothing. That's right. Bite the hand that feeds you, or something!

So step right up, ladies and gentlemen, and anything we can do for YOU, glad to oblige.

## PROGRAM

### The Riddle "Family Theatre"

Feature Picture

#### "THE MELODY LINGERS ON"

Monday, July 13th—Riddle Field

Tuesday, July 14th—Dorr Field

Wednesday, July 15th—Carlstrom Field

Thursday, July 16th—Miami Technical Division

★ ★ ★ ★

Feature Picture

#### "VALLEY OF WANTED MEN"

Thursday, July 16th—Riddle Field

Friday, July 17th—Dorr Field

Monday, July 20th—Miami Technical Division

For exact time and place, see your Superior Officer  
Admission Charge, Ten Cents



## SOMETHING ABOUT VENEZUELA

*By the Venezuelan Cadets  
Geographic Location*

Venezuela was discovered by Christopher Columbus on his third voyage in the year 1498. Its area is 304,000 square miles and has nearly 4,000,000 inhabitants, according to the census made fourteen years ago. Venezuela is bounded by the Republics of Colombia, Brazil, British Guiana and the Atlantic Ocean. It is divided into twenty States, two Territories and the Federal District. The name Venezuela signifies "Small Venice." When the Spanish Conqueror Alonso de Ojeda, in the year 1499, got to the shores of Lake Coquivacoa he saw the Indians living in their chozas built on the waters of the lake. This name with time spread all over the Country. The section of Coquivacoa, in the western part, is called now Maracaibo and is well known as the richest oil region of Venezuela.

### Indians, Mild and Wild

In this region bordering with Colombia are still living Indians who refuse to get into civilized life in spite of the Missionaries' efforts as their hatred toward the whites remains the same since the time the Spanish Conquerors trod upon their ground. Those Indians are called Motilones and the American oil companies have suffered losses of workers' lives when they attack the camp with poisoned arrows.

We also have civilized Indians located in the Western part and their number reaches to 100,000, more or less. These Indians are named Goagiros due to their location in Goagira Peninsula and we have no trouble from them. Caracas the Capital, founded by Diego de Lozada in 1567, is situated 3,254 feet above sea level. Here were born men like Simon Bolivar, founder of Bolivia, The Liberator of our own Country, and of Colombia, Ecuador and Peru; General Francisco de Miranda, forerunner of Venezuelan Independence; Andres Bello, founder of the University of Chile and one of the most celebrated men of the Spanish America.

### Tourists Take Note

Caracas is endowed with many places of high interest, and beautiful walks such as Calvary, the Florida, Paradise, the Mahoganys, Antimano, etc., and is supposed to have 300,000 inhabitants . . . (the

last census was made on December of last year).

Main cities: Maracaibo, Valencia, San Cristobal, Barquisimeto and Maracay in both West and Central parts. Barcelona, Cumana, Ciudad Bolivar and Carupano to the East. Main ports: LaGaira, Maracaibo and Puerto Cabello.

### Natural Resources

After the Japanese attack of the United States, our Country was one of the first in severing diplomatic relations with the Axis and is now developing more than ever its own natural resources forgotten by the big oil production (Venezuela holds the third place in the world) 80% goes both to United States and England to fight the Axis. We may be threatened by the lack of tires also, and this rubber problem could be satisfactorily solved, at least for domestic purposes, with a prolific source of the much needed rubber in the Upper Orinoco River. It is hoped the Government will set up a project for its development, having already a tire factory.

Still another is coal mining to be developed in a region near Guanta, Naricual (on the East) to replace that now brought from England, thus reserving cargo space for imports that have no substitute in Venezuela. Here, as in the rest of Latin America, a revision of trade and commerce is taking place, an interchange of products which may go a long way in improving relations between South American Countries. For example, an increased trade with Brazil already shows a tremendous rise; Argentina boats have brought some important cargoes and Venezuela is sending a great number of cattle to Colombia and so on.

### Farm Situation Critical

One great difficulty is that agricultural workers have been tempted away from the farms to work in the oil fields where the pay is much higher and the Government is endeavoring to initiate effective legislative measures to prevent the peasant from abandoning farms to go to the cities and oil fields and simultaneously see that the land is properly distributed among those who work it.

As we do not have much space in this section every now and then we shall write about our Country. Today we finish saying that there is a great deal of room down there in Venezuela, so if you would like to go there we wish you good luck.

## The Men Who'll "Keep 'Em Flying" for the Americas



ARCADIA—Picture of the week, and well worthy of syndication throughout the whole hemisphere, is this shot taken July 4 at the famous All Florida Rodeo, Arcadia, showing new friendships being made between some of our U. S. Army Air Force Aviation Cadets and our aviation technical trainees from South America. As long as this spirit of friendship and cooperation exists and continues to grow among the free nations of North and South America, we have no need to doubt the eventual outcome of our battle against the dictator aggressors. Left to right are Carlos Medeiros, Brazil; A/C John Bradley, Grosse Point, Mich.; Fernando Naranjo, Ecuador; A/C Robert J. Birnbaum, New York City, N. Y.; Florentino Sequero, Havana, Cuba, and A/C Richard Carpenter, Statesville, R. I.

## CARLSTROM FIELD, R. A. I. NEWS

*Jack Hobler, Editor*

This has been a week of vacation, more or less, for us in the Ground School, but the Flight Line has been putting in double periods each day. Consequently, we haven't been in actual contact with the field every day, but we have obtained—through various and sundry sources—some little tidbits of news about the gang. So we print them herewith in the hopes that no one's feelings will be hurt.

### Fishy Fish Story

We'll start off with a fishing story. It seems that flight instructor Anstett came to work one day with a large and magnificent snook. This fish was represented by him to the boys as testimony to the success of a recent trip, and in further testimony to his generosity, Mr. Anstett presented the trophy to the said boys. All would have been well as regards the gentleman's reputation as a philanthropist but for somebody telling how Mr. A. became such a benefactor of society. The trip referred to, it was learned,

was singularly lacking in success; in fact, no one had actually caught any fish. On the way home, however, Mr. A. spotted another fisherman who had several large fish, among which was the snook referred to. The following conversation took place.

Anstett: "Did you catch all those fish today?"

Fisherman: "Yup."

A.: "What are you going to do with them all?"

F.: "Give 'em away, I guess."

A.: "I know a poor family in Arcadia with four kids who could use that big one."

F.: "You do? Well, go ahead and take it to them."

And that's the secret of Dale Carnegie Anstett, the Phish Philanthropist.

### Ain't it de Truth

For ages, the greatest tenet in the creed of aviators has been the use of extreme caution regarding spinning airplane propellers. It is

*Please turn over leaf*



**CARLSTROM FIELD***Continued from Page 3*

as common as night and day to hear flight instructors preaching to students to stay away from airplane propellers. The whirling clubs are always represented as exceedingly dangerous in their utter disregard for flesh and bone. What can we say, then, for an airman who makes a fetish of indoctrinating his students with these ideas, and then goes ahead and sticks his fingers into an electric fan, necessitating first aid from his wife (Mrs. Roy Wade) in binding up three almost-severed digits? Probably all we can say is a word of praise for the lady for the neat bandages she effected. (We must also say the same for Valerie Eckart whom, we understand, had to do the same job for her hubby for the same reason.)

Our remarks on fishing before remind us that this week's furlined rod and reel go to Mrs. Sid Pfluger for boating the only tarpon landed on last Saturday night's sortie to Boca Grande in the company of her husband and Dr. and Mrs. Gordon McSwain. Sid himself didn't get a nibble, while the doctor and his wife had a couple apiece which, unfortunately, got away.

**Wotta Week-end**

The biggest excitement in town this week was the annual All-Florida Rodeo, which was well-attended by Embry-Riddle. Trying to keep cool in the baking July sun were Len and Edie Povey, Mr. and Mrs. "Boss" Riddle, Jack McKay, Sr., and Mr. and Mrs. Jack McKay, Jr. who were flown over from Miami by an unidentified pilot whose face looked awfully familiar. Accompanying them was Mrs. Joe Silverthorn, whose illustrious husband is in the Ferry Command.

The Latin-American students of the Miami Tech School Division were also in attendance, some of whom felt rather familiar in the cowboy atmosphere. It was like Hallowe'en in that everybody in town who owned riding boots, breeches, colored shirts, etc., wore them with a festive air. Jack O'Brien looked like Wild Bill Hitchcock himself in a floppy black sombrero that his wife, Jean, called "simply awful." Most of the Ground School staff were present in their traditional tropical uniforms and sun helmets, no little bit surprised to see one of their number, Roy Sterling, also there and likewise

comfortably clad. (Roy doesn't go much for such social gatherings.)

Highly interesting and colorful to those newcomers to the R.A.I. fold, who had never seen a real, live rodeo before, it was somewhat sickening to all when the officials in charge permitted a steer—whose leg had been cleanly broken in the bulldogging event—to wander about the arena, painfully hopping about on three legs when it got in the way of other contestants. It is sincerely hoped that someone put the poor animal out of its misery soon after the show was over. Otherwise, it was a thrill-packed afternoon that nearly everyone present enjoyed thoroughly despite the sunburn and sweat.

**The Arcadia Bath Club!**

Anyone noticing the peculiar twisted position Paull Dixon has been carrying himself in will be hereby informed that he got his injury in action. Paull has become a devotee of diving at the local pool all this past week, and a too-energetic back flip tore loose a couple of muscles and disjoined a few vertebrae. By the way, that

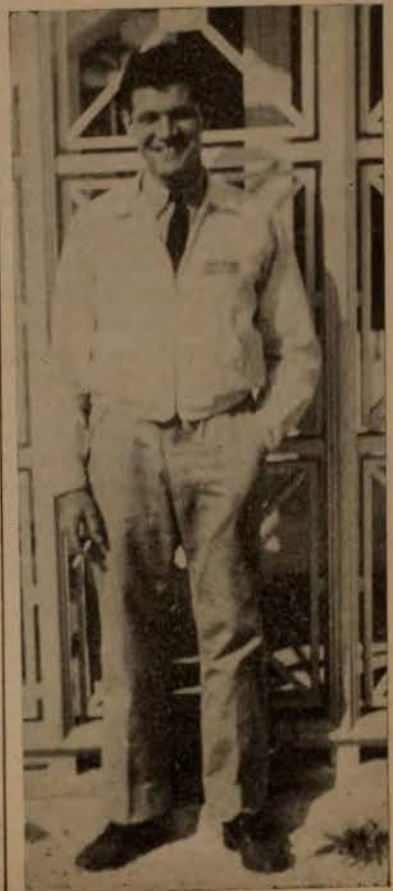
pool has been a haven of refuge from the heat over here for numerous instructors' wives. It's a good place to find Connie Mougey, Gaynele Cuthbertson, Mrs. Cleve Thompson, and Ruth Davis. We nominate Ruth, incidentally, as our choice for the best living combination of Joan Davis, Lucille Ball, Zazu Pitts, and Abbot and Costello. The gal's a scream!

That about finishes up this week's gossip. A new class of cadets is finding out that this place is really a country club: it's out in the country and the upper-classmen club the devil out of you.

— WE'LL RULE THE BLUE IN '42 —

**MAN OF THE WEEK****Jack Hobler**

Born January 14, 1919 in Baltimore, Maryland. Father a traveling salesman and Mother a wonderful cook. Decided on aviation as a career at the old age of nine, after rejecting vocations of missionary, locomotive engineer, fireman, and detective. First evidence of mechanical inclination mani-

*"Our Country Editor"*

**"What Was a Good Landing, Sir? I Thought YOU Were at the Controls!"**

festated at the age of five, when the family alarm clock was dissected for a major overhaul. Sent home continuously during the last four years of grammar school to have parents sign crude drawings of airplanes made in lieu of doing arithmetic problems. Bought every model airplane magazine on the market and built models until Mother was driven to distraction to get her son out-of-doors on nice days instead of staying in the cellar workshop.

Found high school wonderful relaxation in athletics and learned to swim the first year, after nearly drowning thrice. Played soccer and intermural football, went out for track to throw discus, high-jump, run high hurdles, and for swimming and fancy diving. Was also a Boy Scout and proud of it. Won a scholarship to Johns Hopkins University which he gave up after the first year, having decided he wasn't cut out to be an engineer; Laughable, when you see that he's teaching Engines in Ground School now.

Had one year each C.M.T.C. and R.O.T.C. Worked in tire business, credit business, house painting and repair, and boxed pro heavyweight. Came to Carlstrom Field March 18, 1941 as a Flying Cadet; washed out for flying deficiency after 40 hours and went



to Miami to start all over again. Worked as line-boy, flight-dispatcher, stockroom clerk, and inventory crewman. Started writing for the FLY PAPER soon after arriving at Embry-Riddle (June 9, 1941). Back to Carlstrom as Ground School instructor January 1, 1942 and crazy about it.

#### Mr. Hobler's Statement:

"I have a brother, 20, and a sister, 13—both better-looking than I ever will be. Am married to a lovely blonde who can cook and make model airplanes—and feel that life doesn't owe me a thing!"

—WE'LL RULE THE BLUE IN '42—

#### Pictures Don't Lie?

For sometime we have made occasional mention of one of our gang over here, whom we had



jokingly called "Bathless." In proof that he does actually take a bath once in a while, we present this picture of him just after an eventful libation. That he did not enjoy the ritual too much is evidenced by his lack of smile, but we must nevertheless extend to him our hearty congratulations for taking the step into the tub.

—THE MORE BONDS YOU BUY—  
—THE MORE PLANES WE'LL FLY—

Now we know why Riddle Field's Dr. Tom Gowin ordered the swimming pool closed for a while. We discovered that the worthy doctor is hovering on the verge of sprouting some tender, young solo wings, and was scared to death of gettin' thrown in!!

—WE'LL RULE THE BLUE IN '42—

*A word of caution—students heed,  
Never lose your flying speed!*

### Eager Beaver Chatter

by Dragwire

Not much news this week; our Class is moving so fast it's hard to keep up with it. Some of our men are moving out to make navigators, bombardiers or to take a crack at some other branch of service in the Air Forces because of lack of temperament or ability peculiar to pilots. To each one of them, we extend our wishes for the best of luck.

Monday we got our Under Class (Yes, we are Upper Classmen now) so instead of flying morning and afternoon this week, as we did last week, we should call our Ground School Instructors out of hibernation and get back to work on navigation, meteorology, aerodynamics and engines. This week also should see us taking 40-hour checks which no doubt will eliminate some more of us. We can be thankful though that our Instructors and Officers really work with us and give us every break they can to pull us through.

Our new Wing Staff is: Wing Commander DeWitt, Adjutant Keefe, Sergeant-Major Callis—shades of K Squadron at Maxwell. A good bunch of hard workers and "eager beavers" make up the newly appointed officers.

## TECH TALK

by Bob Colburn

Following so closely on the heels of recent fine guest columns puts the written on the proverbial "spot" but I take my pen in hand with the firm conviction that if Betty Jo can do it, we of the dominant sex should certainly be able to carry on.

#### Tell Us All, Dave

I think the biggest news of the week is the world's record recently set by Dave Beaty. The speed with which he made a U-turn on N. W. No. River Drive at 36th Street is a record which should stand unchallenged for several years. I am sure the modest Dave will be happy to discuss the incentive for this unprecedented feat with any of his friends who may be interested.

Newest recruit in the ranks is beautiful Betty Ann Westerdahl, who is replacing Jo Axtell. Jo, it seems, was will to take the calmness and serenity of Charlie Ebbet's office for one of Jim Blakely's uniforms. Betty Ann is a local girl, a junior next year at the Univer-

sity of Miami, and believe it or not, fellows, is unattached. Charlie can really pick 'em! "Skinny" Gile's only comment on the latter opinion is, "Phooey, I can pick 'em, too, only I never get 'em."

#### More "Gile"

Since the name "Gile" has been brought up, let it be known that a new one has joined the ranks. "Skinny" Gile Junior is now Liaison Man in Military Engines. Junior is a graduate, this year, of Cincinnati Withrow High School, and like his dad, likes airplanes and dislikes girls. With the various other states of the Union so well represented at Tech School, it is certainly a treat to finally see someone here from Ohio.

The armed services still have first call on several of our employees. Paul James has been rated as a Third Class Petty Officer, "Mother" Murphy leaves for the Army on July 13th, and Dean Ross of the Engines Stockroom left on July 7th for Orlando, where he expects to be inducted as a Navy Flying Cadet.

#### More Rumors

It has been suggested that during wartime it is best to ignore  
*Please turn over leaf*

## INTER-AMERICAN CADETS ENJOY OLD FASHIONED RODEO AT ARCADIA



ARCADIA—Similar to their own world famous rodeos in South America, the above group of Inter-American Cadets, taking aviation training at our Technical School Division in Miami, attended, and enjoyed, the All Florida Rodeo at Arcadia on July 4th as the guests of Mr. Riddle. Shown above are "cow girls" Rachael Bail, Ruth Campbell and Mrs. Fay Welles of Arcadia, Mary K. Brown and Doris Page, Wauchula, and Laurie Ebbets, Miami, Mr. Riddle, the host, and the following Inter-American Cadets, left to right, William Taracovsky, Chile; Patricia Geoghegan, Argentina; Florentino Sequeiro, Cuba; Carlos Medeiros, Brazil; Hector Beisso, Uruguay; Gonzalo Lopex, Argentina; Isaura Pinto, Brazil; Harry Giuria, Uruguay; Manuel Pico, Argentina; Ismael Vigil, Uruguay. Front row, left to right; Peter Pomeroy, Uruguay; Enrique Francois, Chile; Peter Rey Bringas, Argentina; Adolpho Sasco, Uruguay; Arristides Ferrin, Uruguay.



## TECH TALK

Continued from Page 5

rumors but there is one that is hard to overlook. Has a Marine Air Force Flying Lieutenant from Key West gone and changed Minnie Virden's name?

Well, it seems "Pop" Ordway finally came through. It's a seven pound baby boy, and I understand father and baby are doing very nicely. As a matter of fact, the Sales Department is looking forward to enrolling the baby in class by next Monday at the latest. Seriously, our congratulations to the three of you, Peter.

## Lost and Found

Mrs. Burton's library has assumed the proportions of a lost and found department. One of the Tech School students has lost a Colvin Aircraft Handbook, and Mrs. B. reports that a copy of Airplane Maintenance by Lesley has reached her office and the owner may obtain same upon proper identification.

Malcolm Byrnes, of Auditing, was back in the fold last Friday for a short stay. When the writer questioned Mac about how he liked Union City, a faraway look came into his eyes and he was heard to gasp, almost inaudibly, "Ah! Mountain women." I wonder if he feels the same way, now that the Radio Queen at the Macfadden Deauville has come into his life.

## Most Modest

My nomination for the most modest boy in Tech School is Murray Wilkes. It is certainly refreshing to talk to someone who constantly puts his own accomplishments second in point of conversation.

Emma Louise McEnany, of Jim Blakely's office, has been confined to her home for several days with a broken rib suffered in an automobile accident. She is sorely missed in her Department, but we hope to see her back in the next few days.

## With One Box Top, Of Course

To the thousands of friends I have undoubtedly made through this column I would like to advise that any little problems that might arise regarding love, or anything, can readily be straightened out by sending your question to me in the Research Department.

— WE'LL RULE THE BLUE IN '42 —

G. WILLIS TYSON, Riddle Field Manager who has been sick in the St. Francis Hospital, Miami Beach, for the past week, appeared at the Main Office Tuesday, looking fine and having every intention of returning to his duties by the end of this week.

## Ah, the Dear, Dead Past



This familiar sight is no more, for henceforth "Andy" Andrews, former driver of the company bus from Miami to Arcadia, will be found only on the fourth floor of the Tech School in his new capacity as chief storekeeper of the instrument stockroom. Andy, famous for his crooning and travel-talks enroute, has been replaced by drivers Frank Dice and Ted Howard.

MIAMI SOFT BALLERS  
BLOW UP IN SERIES

by Eddie Baumgarten

Well, it seems that the baseball season at Main Office has come and gone and without much fanfare. The League just seemed to evaporate all at once and when we looked around, presto, no ball games!

It really is too bad that it had to happen that way because there were only a few more games to be played and the battle between the two top teams showed promise of producing at least two more good ball games. However, it is all over and not much can be done about it.

## The Champions?

The champions of the league, and here is where we get into difficulties, are the Bookies. Hillstead's team had one thing in their favor, consistency. They didn't have the best ball players, or the flashiest ones, but they always had a team on the field and usually had to lend a player or two to the opposing side. This team had probably the best hitter in the whole league, Paul Miller. Paul hits a ball a country mile and when he isn't hurting himself playing to hard, covers a lot of space at short.

## Short of Short Stops

The Engine team had the biggest bundle of fire for a man his size in Herbie Nix. Nix did a nice job as catcher and more or less kept his club where it was. If all the men on the Main Office team would have had the fighting (?) qualities of Peter Ordway that

would have been the team to watch, but one week they would have a team, the next they would play with seven men and you can't play a ball game with an undermanned team.

Instruments showed fire for a couple of weeks but the pressure of evening classes and heavy schedules kept them from going anywhere.

Now, how about promoting a game or two between some of the teams at the various fields and between the Army students here at Tech school. Ever since Hillstead's Bookies beat a picked (?) army team it has been practically impossible to bring them down to earth. And I notice in the last issue of the Fly Paper that the "Dorr Knobs" of Dorr Field are bragging pretty big. Frankly, I think the Bookies could put up a pretty good battle against some of these amateur teams around the circuit so, Bud, why not tie one of these teams down and make it a feature of one of the Embry-Riddle Parties to be played either Saturday evening before the party or Sunday morning. Think it could be arranged? (Ed's Note: Sure 'nough!)

I really am sorry to see baseball drop out of the picture so soon in the summer but unless something like the above can be arranged this will be the last baseball news of the year. So, So long for now.

— WE'LL RULE THE BLUE IN '42 —

TECH 'KITTY FOYLES'  
TO EAT, SWIM, SUNDAY

Something new has been added at the Tech School—a party for all the "Kitty Foyles"—all the female office workers in the organization. Behind it all is Elaine Devery, the gal who says "Mr. Riddle's office"—his personal secretary, who has planned the affair for next Sunday at the Deauville.

Swimming will take place from 1:00 on, and supper will be served later. It sounds like a grand idea to us, and will help a lot to get the many new employees acquainted with each other, and with the "old" ones. Dev. expects about 70 to 75 people to attend. Drag out the bathing suits, gals, and on with the party!

— THE MORE BONDS YOU BUY —

— THE MORE PLANES WE'LL FLY —

Speaking of admiration from afar, the gals in the Purchasing department seem to have it bad. We overheard in the canteen that they're writing anonymous letters to a student. More power to you, gals.

## VICTORY VACATION

Continued from Page 1

nicipal Base and now at Riddle Field, and Fly Paper Editor, Bud Belland.

Arcadia and Clewiston Well  
Represented

Running through the guest book we find excellent representations from both Fields at Arcadia and Riddle Field at Clewiston . . . about 15 U. S. Aviation Cadets were present from Dorr and Carlstrom, with 49 R.A.F. Cadets in from Clewiston. If we're going to call names, and we might as well, we find Carlstrom Field represented by A/Cs Francis Kelly and Ray Ives, Mr. and Mrs. Jan Klint, B. V. Long Pre, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Wemett, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. McVey, Mr. and Mrs. Drexel E. Poynter, A/C Bill Brands, etc. From Dorr Field, among others, were newly checked-out Instructors Vin Bonderau and R. L. Weigle, while Pan American Air Ferries sent us Mr. and Mrs. Ray Norton and Captain Peter Brooks with lovely wife, Mary, now instructing at our Municipal Base, and Pan American Airways pilot, Dr. DONALD F. ROBBINS.

Riddle Field at Clewiston sent down too many to call by name, but a few of these included Phil Coon, Stan Reeder, Mr. and Mrs. Neal Dwyer, Frank O'Hara, J. L. Kerr, Joe Garcia, and so forth and so forth . . . a big crowd and a swell gang!

Technical Division and the Main Office, as usual, contributed a large crowd from their ranks, employees, civilian and Army students and a plenty of Inter-American cadets. Surprising was the good representation from Municipal Base, the early Sunday morning fliers, who sent in Mr. and Mrs. David (you shake my hand) Narrow, Tom Moxley and Jimmie Gilmore. Breathtaking, too, was the appearance of "Stay at Home" ADDISON THOMPSON, manager of the Seaplane Base, who made his first appearance at an Embry-Riddle School party in several months, and had fun, too! Another Seaplane Baser, Charlie Stahler of the Ground School, aimed for the party, but didn't show up until late Sunday afternoon!

All in all, we'd say that it was absolutely the best party of all, but we can still keep on trying to make each week's party better! Let's go, gang!—Carl Walden photo.

— WE'LL RULE THE BLUE IN '42 —

Don't be classed with flying fools,  
By disobeying traffic rules!



# DORR FIELD NEWS BULL-ETIN

Ed Morey, Editor

## Hold It, Dorr, She's Arrarin'

Yes sir! Folks, the Rodeo was in town this past week. Every dag blasted rootin' tootin' son of a gun was there, including myself. We had several of our own Dorr Field personnel hankerin' around the corral. There was "Tom" Gates up on the judges stand with his big ten-gallon hat, a forty-five in one hand a time clock in the other. We all took from the direction he was pointing that gun, he wasn't really trying to kill anybody—just keepin' time. While we are on the killin' subject, you should have seen Gerald "Stinky" Taylor. "Dude" for short. Wow! He not only paralyzed the cattle, but seemed to hold the attention of the cowgirls throughout. Now Mrs. Taylor, don't be too hard on "Jerry," they just can't resist him.

I guess most of our readers have noticed by now that Sergeant Williams is always dressed for the occasion. Well, can you imagine! This time he was disguised as a cowboy at the Rodeo. (Keep back, girls). Did you people notice Ruth Campbell who almost won that cowgirl contest? We people here at Dorr Field are still of the opinion that she is the best rider in these parts. There was one particular boy who was working himself extra hard at that Rodeo, and for a just reason—Mrs. Richard Wells was in the judge's stand keeping a smiling, but proud face on her husband "Dickie" Wells. Mrs. Wells is a secretary of Wheeler Construction Company at Dorr Field; We want to extend to them both at this time all best wishes. (They just got married, yuh know!)

## "ADIOS FOR NOW!!!"

"Bill" Deriso, whom we introduced to you a few weeks back as the speediest parachute packer round about, has left Dorr Field for McDill Field this past week. There he will take up duties packing "chutes" for U. S. Army Air Force. In what time we have known "Bill," I believe he was liked by everyone; he had a swell personality and is going to go places. Good luck, "Bill" and "Keep 'em Packed."

## DORR CANTEN SPECIAL

Week of July 13th  
"Fresh Peach Sundae"

## "Welcome"

Over Grind School way, we have a new Theory of Flight Instructor. "Ed" Brennan, whose home is in Taunton, Massachusetts, comes to



## Bashful, Johnny?

Dorr Field—Our keynote photographer had a tough time getting this shot of Johnny Fredendall, Flight Commander, head of the Refresher School at Dorr. Despite his happy expression, Johnny is suffering from acute lens-fright. Note construction going on in the background.

us from the Marine Corp. (incorporated). Mr. Brennan was formerly a Marine cadet; in his training, he completed primary basic, and was halfway through advanced when ill health forced him down. It is believed Mr. Brennan is the only Marine cadet in the U. S., and we sure are proud to have him with us. Any of youse guys that wonder what it's like to be under the hood, just ask him, he knows.

Last week the Grind School finished up the Instrument classes for pilots. These classes were held and directed by "Doug" Hocker, along with the assistance of the various other ground school personnel. Final tests have shown that D.J. is still the best navigator on Dorr Field. It seems as though Paul Mueller isn't satisfied with the Dies in his room because it doesn't give him enough elevation. We sure hope he pulls the ripchord when he falls off the top of that desk. If any of you fellows who play the big money want a sure bet, just take "Eddie" House's weather report and place your bets. Brother, he is sharp, that boy has not missed the clouds and moisture content since he has been here. We feel real proud to have the weather men on our side. Homer Hoten and his wife went vacationing this

past week. Spent a few days in Miami and were "Boss" Riddle's guest at the Macfadden-Deauville hotel.

## Free Milkshakes

Sure is too bad that Johnny Hamilton can't get a girl friend, but it seems as though his chums won't leave him concentrate in any place long enough. It seems that Johnny insists on dating a certain blonde around about, and he was so sure of himself that he bet all his friends milkshakes he would be successful. Well it didn't work, and Johnny, like a number of other guys, is around wishin' that married women wore tags.



## Fashion Plate

Dorr Field—All dressed up in his Sunday best, A-C McSweyn Shattuck of Dorr, class of 42-J, poses with hands on hips, master of all he surveys, or somethin'.

## DORR DOINGS

by A/C Gray Stalnaker

Well, here we go again. Seems like we never meet one deadline without having another staring us in the face. And never again will we try writing this column immediately after returning from Sarasota. Must be that sea water we swallowed. Or something . . .

## Dance Dirt

We had the bimonthly dance last Thursday, and had to hold it in the rec hall, due to the weather. Chamber of Commerce please note . . . At first we thought there weren't many girls, but then we looked outside. And we had trouble seeing cadets for all the student officers. Believe it or not, fellows, "Leather-Lungs" Carpenter has a heart. Or did you notice the way he was chasing after the pretty damsels? Lt.

Flannigan was doing all right, too. He didn't seem to have much luck with Margie, but he shouldn't complain. From where we were, it looked plenty nice . . . In the midst of all that violent jitterbugging, Youngman really stood out. But then some guys like to hold 'em tight . . . M. Skinner Willing, that Don Yawn from Virginia, wasn't doing so good. The only girl we saw him dancing with was his roommate's wife. Lee must owe him money . . .

## Awarding

Westerholm with the gold plated ax handle. It all came about after his third attempt to land. When he finally got the plane on the ground, it left, but immediately. After wobbling along for some distance, it finally settled in with a six bounce special. After getting back to the line, he learned from his instructor that it is not considered good practice to do co-ordination exercises four feet off the ground. 9G learns something every day, doesn't he?

## Bunk Flight Specials

Dorr Field boasts of a combo that we think is as good as the Ink



## Meet the Censor!

DORR FIELD—This gentleman underneath all the glasses and sun helmets is Dorr's Lt. Jack Pinkerton, adjutant officer. Jack is the man who puts the O.K. or N.G. (No Go) on every piece of copy and every picture coming from the Field. He is also its most Eligible Bachelor.

Spots. Well, almost as good. Lloyd, License, and Christianson provide the solid stuff, and we hope to hear them at our next dance . . . Jack Lewis is now sporting a convertible Cadillac, thanks to certain contributors . . . Cruickshank is quite happy that they didn't have the dumbbell award when he landed

Continued on next page



downwind. It isn't too late now, chum... The lady seen with Schehr las week-end is not somebody's mother, although we can't argue that she couldn't be... N. Oppenheimer and Evelyn Usdan will do it the 18th. He says a special prayer for Capt. Bentley every nite, now that he's learned where he applies for a special pass... B. Estes was considerably in the limelite last week-end. Claunch has informed him that in the future, he will please refrain from showing such affection for his wife. And if you want to know why Bill dug up half of Sarasota beach at midnite, you'll have to ask him. All we know is that he wasn't looking for clams... E. Dent met the future Mrs. Dent in Sarasota. She doesn't know it yet, but what can you expect on the first date?

#### Introducing

J. M. Cooper, poet and song writer. While wandering around the barracks digging dirt, we ran across Mr. Cooper and a collection of poems he has had published. Taps caught us before we could read them all, but what we read were darn good. We're printing two of them we thought applicable to gadgets, and would like to print them all.

#### THE CONQUEROR

*I am youth—  
I shall conquer the world  
With the sword you give me;  
So forge it strong with wisdom  
And temper it with modesty.*

#### AN INVOCATION

*So let me live  
That when my numbered days  
Have solved their first equation,  
I shall enter the fearsome dark  
With flaming Virtue as my torch.  
Let me defend myself from harm  
With sword of Purity without a stain;  
And clothe my starkly naked soul  
With unfaltering, fearless  
courage.*

—WE'LL RULE THE BLUE IN '42—

#### MAYBE IT'S NEWS!

We thought everyone knew about it, until our visit to Carlstrom last week... it happened a couple of weeks ago, but maybe it'll be news to YOU... Captain M. P. Freeman, who came to Carlstrom as a Lieutenant to be our first Commanding Officer, was promoted to the rank of Major about two weeks ago. We saw him at the Deauville on a Friday evening with his Captain's bars... Saturday morning at breakfast... he was a Major! Congratulations! After spending a couple of days in Miami renewing old friendships, he returned to his command in Georgia.

#### "ON THE FRIGHT LINE"



DORR FIELD — Comradship among the Cadets is well illustrated by this group shot of several of our U. S. Army A/Cs as they await their turn to go "aloft." Left to right are A/Cs Charlie Dillingham, Bob Clapp, R. B. Dobbins and Russ Fairbanks. Happy landings to youse, fellers!

#### "You Can't Fool Me!"

LAUGH OF THE WEEK did not actually happen last week, but it's good for a laugh any week. Recently, it seems, Boss John Paul Riddle, president of the Embry-Riddle Co., was making a solitary inspection tour of R. A. I.'s Carlstrom Field, Arcadia. When he attempted to pass from the building area to the Flight Line, an alert guard stopped him and asked for his pass. Said Boss Riddle, "I'm Mr. Riddle." To which the guard replied: "Yes, sir, you look like Mr. Riddle and you talk like Mr. Riddle, but you aren't going through this gate without a pass!" Eventually, a special pass was sent down from the Administration Building, and the "Boss" continued his inspection tour.

In complimenting the guard on his efficiency, Boss Riddle said, "That guard was doing his duty... and a good job of it, too. It should give all of us confidence to know that our safety is being so well protected. Too often, in acts of sabotage, it is the least suspected person who is able to do the most damage. The guards at all our bases are handling a difficult job with courage, diplomacy and tact... to them all, our thanks."

#### A Good Slogan

A sign seen in the Dorr Field hangar... "EVERY MINUTE COUNTS"... let's not forget that!

#### MENTIONING MUNICIPAL

by James Gilmore and  
"Panther" Fouché

The brevity of this column and the scarcity of news can be blamed on the absence of one "Panther" Fouché, a fact which is grieving us immensely—especially yours truly. Everyone is looking forward to his return; but on with the news.

#### Wacos and Flight Tests

The new Wacos really make an impressive group of secondary ships although the only time one can see them together is in the hangar at night. Municipal is really turning out flying hours since the rains have "came and went." This is evidenced by the number of flight tests completed recently: Nat Ruland, I. C. student; Walter Sheahan, private; J. Scribens, private; E. Tierny, private; L. Lubin, private; "Yours Truly," Jungle Jim Pollard and Thomas, "Frances" Moxley. Cross Country and Secondary Ratings respectively.

#### Green CPT'S

The new C.P.T. trainees are showing up at odd times and their favorite topic of conversation is that word *sustenance* that they must have read somewhere. They tell us that "Red" Friant, of the dispatcher tower Friants, will be in the Secondary class along with Van Burgin, Jr., who can't get secondary in 'Lanta—he says. Then there's a cute brunette!

#### At the Deauville

Running true to form the new X-C class was present at Deauville with only two exceptions—Irvig Schindler, who is an ol' married man, and "Powerhouse" Campbell, who is jes' an ol' man. The party was a big bang and as usual, Municipal was represented by such old faithfuls as Dave Narrow and wife, and Tommy Moxley with Miss Gloria Brown.

#### Regular Fellers

After a trip to the rodeo in Arcadia Saturday, X-C instructor Tinsley can give first-hand information that Boss Riddle and Mr. McKay are really regular fellers. We've thought so all along and now we know.

#### Moving Daze

With the problem of getting ourselves moved and figuring out transportation, etc., most everyone at Municipal is plenty busy. Capt. Burgin who usually appears as busy as a bee is now twice as busy as before, what with trips to the C. A. P. tower and trips to our new home to be, plus affairs here at Municipal he is seldom seen and more seldom heard.

#### Union City News Letter

by Larry Walden & Co.

June 25, 1942.

Dear Bud:

Mr. J. R. Horton, General Supervisor of Maintenance, and Nate Reece, Jr., flew up the first of the week in the "Cub." They were surprised to find the field so far advanced. Mr. Horton stayed two days, returning to Miami by Eastern Airlines from Nashville. As for Mr. Reece, he has sent for his winter underwear. Looks like we'll have to run him off to get rid of him.

#### Quack!

Our Maintenance Superintendent, Ervin Kussrow, who has been so earnestly working on his new home for at least three weeks, plans to move in by June 25th. He extends a cordial invitation to all. Probably will serve a duck supper on opening night, we hope!

The Maintenance boys are getting up a team to play in the local softball league. They have the classiest uniforms on the field.

#### Crew Chiefs

The following boys from Union City have been employed as crew chiefs: Thomas Wheatley, Paul Stone, James Simpson, Raymond Muse, Joseph Lynn, William Hutchcraft, Sebren Hall, Julian Hall and Lionell Duncan. Berthold Humphreys and Willie Weaver are in charge of the Utility Department. We have Joe Harpole as our parachute clerk and Newt Goodwin is our sign painter—a swell bunch of fellows.

We are also happy to announce the addition of Mr. W. T. Harris to the Company personnel. Mr. Harris is a local man and is to serve in the capacity of Auditor.

George Lobdell, Chief of Material Control and Stores, moved his office to the field on June 20th. He, and his assistant, Mr. Howard, are doing a bang-up job of getting their department rolling.

#### Chef

Bert Taylor, well-known former chef of Tech in Miami, will play a leading role in preparing the delicacies put out by our mess hall. He and his wife will reside in Union City. We are glad his wife is going to be here with him, too. I don't like back-seat-driving when it comes to automobiles but I never did think too many cooks could spoil the beans when you had so many beans to cook. We expect to eat our first meal prepared by Bert on July 1st.

We are proud to announce that the Ramp and Taxi Strip have now



been completed. As nice as any one of the other three Embry-Riddle Fields. Attention: "Pots" Hudson. Operations are scheduled to start shortly after the first of July.

#### Why, Larry!

Just to let all you guys and gals in on something, I'm going to sneak this item in. Maybe Larry Walden won't censor it. We wonder who is the beautiful blonde with whom he stays up and plays bridge until the wee hours of the morning? He made the remark to a local boy the other day that he couldn't keep his directions straight since he came to Union City. Looks as if time bothers him, too. Oh, well, 12:01 A. M. is morning anyway! Looks serious, Larry!

We have a new Refresher, Mr. L. C. King of Mayfield, Kentucky. Charlie Sullivan is doing a swell bit of work here with the Refresher School. And, confidentially, all the "refresher" boys say he really knows his stuff.

#### Story of the Week

There is a local boy here by the name of John Paul Jones. It seems that the "Flywheel" Jones, our Carlstrom Field buddy, met him somewhere. Upon being introduced as Mr. Jones to Mr. Jones, they backed off and eyed each other. "I'm John Paul Jones. Which one are you?" said the first gentleman. Flywheel swallowed once or twice and announced: "I'm George Washington Jones." The funny thing about it is, that both were telling the truth.

Will someone please introduce Mr. Ken Stiverson, our Chief Dispatcher, to wind tee?

Captain Payne was seen walking across the street the other day with a crowbar. Wonder if he got the nickel back?

#### Progress

You can't know what you are missing if you can't see the fine progress which is being made at the "field." Melvin Carlton is really getting something to be proud of in a parachute department. And that Administration Building is a "honey." You could readily see why anyone would like to hang around a canteen if they are all like this one is going to be even if they didn't have a thing to sell. Well, I won't bore you with a description of all the place, but when I think what it's going to be, "I'm Breathless"!

— WE'LL RULE THE BLUE IN '42 —

## UNION CITY NEWS LETTER

by James Glover

Dear Bud:

Here we come again, with another news letter from the fast-be-

coming-beautiful Embry-Riddle Field at Union City, Tenn.

#### Major James

Something of supreme importance has happened at the Field since its beginning which made us all very proud. Captain James, A. A. F. T. D., Commanding Officer of the Field, has been promoted to the rank of Major and is now proudly displaying a gold leaf. We're all proud for him, and all know that he deserved it. It is with pride that we look forward to receiving his advice and O. K.'s in the future activities of the Field, knowing that we are indeed fortunate to have a great personality as Major James to work with.

Since the last writing, Wilmer Cruce and Creel Sellers, both local boys, have been added to the company personnel. Mr. Cruce to serve as Junior Clerk of Property and Supply and Mr. Sellers as Junior Clerk Typist.

#### Refreshing, What?

Six new flight instructors came in to join the refresher course. And, incidentally, girls, they are really nice looking fellows. Oh, yes, their names are "Chuck" Waldren, Sydney Bennet, Eddie Kairit, Bill Reese, Thurman Rabun, Price Smith.

Say, fellows, you have probably heard the one about the "bright" young Private who, when asked to explain the workings of an air-

plane engine, told his Captain that all that took place between the filler cap on the gas tank and the end of the exhaust stack was a military secret. Well, anyway, I have found that fellow's twin in one of the new crew chiefs in the maintenance department, Lionell Duncan.

#### Bandy Disappointed

John Bandy, local boy and flight instructor at the field, slipped behind a cloud the other day during the refresher to try his first solo slow roll. Then he got mad when it turned out good and nobody saw it. I wouldn't have known this if I had not been sitting on the cloud, tuning a harp. We all have our off days, Johnny.

If there is one guy in the bunch that I envy, it is Malcolm Byrnes, the lunch room genius and organizer of the canteen. His daily cry for more girls has been answered and it's amazing how cool he can be during the interviews. I'm not sure, but I think he is requiring some of the most attractive applicants to produce three photos instead of two. Albums must be interesting. Where do they come from, Mr. Byrnes?

#### Green!

The green carpet on the field is gaining headway where operations are limited. It will be really pretty when the grass can cover the whole field; and this Tennessee soil really will grow grass.

Somebody tell "Boots" Frantz that he's holding up the war, the agricultural side of it, anyway. When he wrings out that Culver of his over the countryside here the farmers forget their plowing and the old roosters (not the farmers) die of fright. It sure is a nice little ship, Boots.

#### Bird's-Eye View

The flight operations tower, with all of its four floors, is shaping up in a splendid fashion and should be completed soon. When you get tired of a worm's-eye-view of the goings-on, just climb the stairs. Simple, isn't it?

What is happening over there—a fight? Let's take a look! Oh, there wasn't any excitement at all. Just Mr. Brinton using that grand talent he has of being able to talk to so many people at the same time. Everything is coming along in fine shape under Mr. Brinton's management.

#### Incognito, Conny?

Oh, "Conny," please step out from behind those sun glasses. Just for a few minutes, please. A large number of these fellows are just dying to see the real "you." Well, anyway, I am!!

It's downright funny how these Tennessee girls don't require a pre-arranged date. That is, not if you get there first. Oh, well, what is life but a race anyway?

#### Tsk! Tsk!

I've been told that the most embarrassing thing that can happen is for two eyes to meet at a key-hole. Whether it is embarrassing or not, that is exactly what happened the other night when a certain company employee dates another certain young fellow's girl. Oops, I am sorry! Talking out of school again!

"The stars at night are big and bright,

Deep in the heart of Tex—"

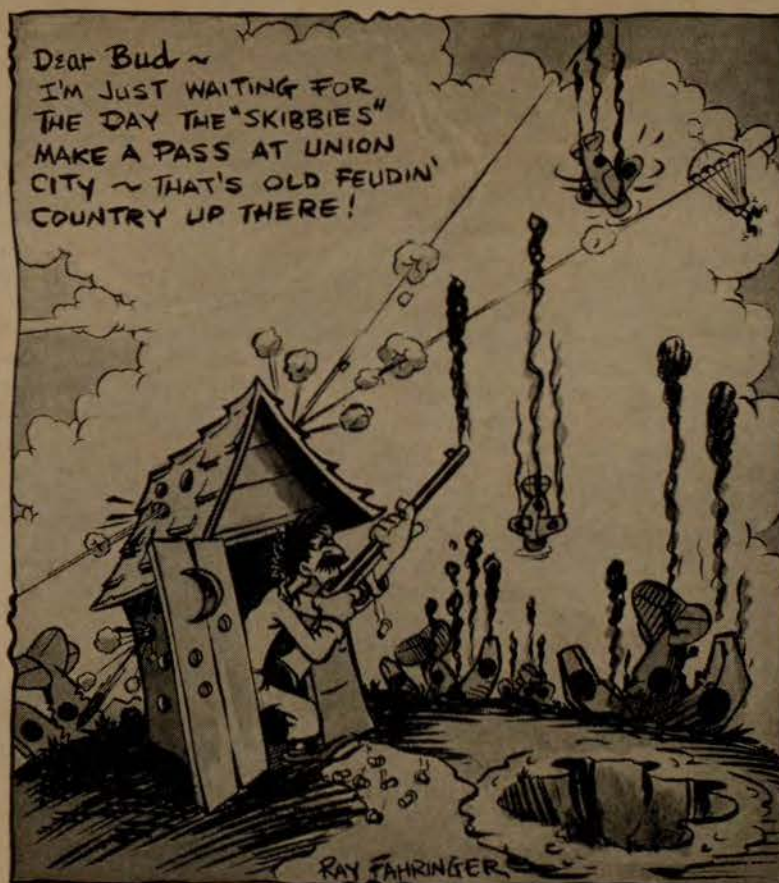
Say, this field is betting as level as can be with all the holes and ditches being filled and the few rough places knocked down. This drainage and road-building equipment here is "tops" and can these boys make them dig, I'll say! Come around and visit the field, fellows, it's nice.

#### The Trek to Tennessee

Our flight chief, J. B. Sellers, has returned to Arcadia to move his family to Union City.

Could it be that Embry-Riddle Company is going broke that the Superintendent of Maintenance has started rolling his own out of Bull Durham?

We have added eight more men  
Continued on next page





## UNION CITY

Continued from Page 9

to our Maintenance and things are going along smoothy.

Robert Summerall's wife arrived here Tuesday. While seeing the sights, she was carried across the Mississippi on the ferry and became quite seasick.

## Goody, Mud Pies

"The Great Perdew" from Clewiston couldn't find any muck in Union City, so he had to put some water in a hole and then paddle around in the mud.

Another recent addition to the Company is Mr. V. W. Dowland, who is to be Chief of Guards. Mr. Dowland was formerly with the Kentucky State Highway Patrol.

## Vim and Vigor Men

For information concerning "how to get" and "how to keep" healthy bodies, see Mr. Palmer and his assistant, Mr. Don Mattheson, who have recently arrived to take over the athletic activities.

Nobody knows just how I felt July 4th after that fine Barbecue given the Air Field Officials and Employees the night before, not because of the quality but the quantity eaten. The Senior C. of C., Junior C. of C., Kiwanis, Rotary and Legion Post No. 20 of Union City were responsible for the good feed and good time. This is really Bar-B-Q country.

## Mess Hall Opens

And talking about eating, we ate that first swell meal in the mess hall last week with two local guests, "Dip" Rippy and Judge "Andy" Burrus. Everyone around here will surely get fat if Mr. Bert Taylor keeps on slinging the vitamins at us.

Mr. and Mrs. T. N. Simpson and daughters, Carol and Susan, of Union City, entertained with a supper for several of the Company men and wives and several local friends. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Boots Frantz, Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Brinton, Major and Mrs. James, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Cox, Mr. Nate Reece and Mr. Larry Walden.

— WE'LL RULE THE BLUE IN '42 —

## CLEWISTON

Continued from Page 1

instructor, was talking to a female — (joking, Jack, honest) — the FLY PAPER arrived, and we helped Kenny Berry distribute it. Now we don't like to brag, but the old dirt sheet was really in demand, and wot's more, they want 100 more copies each week.

## Snake-Eggs

At the infirmary, Kenny and

## RIDDLE FIELD NEWS LETTER

Jack Hopkins, Editor

Paul Prior, Kenny Berry, Nelva Purdon, Ted Taylor, Roger Franklin  
Ralph Thyng, Kenneth Milner, Dudley Amoss, Associate Editors

It happened this way. One Friday night, three weeks ago, when Clewiston was being swamped by the usual deluge of "Riff Raff" (100 per Bus) our broad beaming L. I. P. T. L. Editor met up with some of the then Green Flight, feeling very enthusiastic at almost saying farewell to P.T.'s, if not to P.T. In the discussion which followed, they told "Jack" that they were much more appreciative of his work in the first two capacities than in the third, and a challenge was soon forthcoming. That's why we're running this column for a couple of weeks. We, by the way, are several members of Blue Flight, led by "Jungle Colley," and "Nobby Clark." (Lawsuits as result of this not entertained.)

## Uniforms in the Canteen

Leila Brannon has just returned from a course at Walgreen's full of bright and new ideas, the first outward signs of which are the smart and snappy uniforms in light blue (or is it green? We are so dazzled) of the Canteen staff, and a rise in the price of milk. We wonder whether the next step will

Jeff were bemoaning the fate of their twelve snake-eggs which they had cherished and nurtured tenderly in hopes of seeing twelve lovely babies grow, some day. But the road builder went through and rooted them up and broke them all, and Kenny and Jeff were decidedly gloomy about it.

## Canteen, Ho!

We spent about five hours at Riddle Field, and at least two-thirds of it was taken up by walking back and forth to the canteen. As soon as we left, and walked, say, to the Ad building, we were so hot, it was necessary to retrace our steps and have another coke. At said canteen we saw Helen Scribner, manageress of all the Field canteens, who was there for an inspection. We also saw Jimmy Cousins, strong and silent.

## Flying

Later on, Dr. Gowin drove us down to Number 3 field—I think it was Number 3, they have so many of 'em—and we watched all the little PT's bouncing, BT's and AT's looking sleek and flying the same way.

Then we went to the canteen three more times, caught the Miami bus, and turned in our feet for next year's models.

be a Cabaret Show half an hour before lights out, to put the boys to sleep.

## Don't Miss This Dance!

We understand that the first R.A.F. dance to be held in Clewiston will mark the anniversary of the formation of No. 5 B. F. T. S. Details of this event will be announced later. Our talent scouts are already out on the trail, and rumor has it that a galaxy of beauty will be present to make the date one to look forward to.

## Sporting News

We are disappointed to have to announce that the Riddle Field swimming Gala which was to have been held on Saturday has had to be indefinitely postponed. It was to have been a meet with swimming teams from all sections of the Field competing for the Riddle Swimming Cup, plus a display of diving by Mr. S. L. Speer, Primary Flight Instructor, who is a diving champion of some renown. It is hoped that this can be arranged for a later date. In its place there is to be a Tennis Tournament, but as yet we have no advance "Gen" on this matter.

## Another "Field Day" Coming

Another great sporting event is in the offing—the second quarterly Riddle Field Sports Day, to be held Wednesday afternoon, July 22. The last sports meeting held "Two Courses" ago was a great success. Both spectators, and competitors went out wondering what exactly to expect, and found a good afternoon's entertainment awaiting. This month's event is on the same lines, with a Flight Instructors' team taking the field in addition to teams from each Cadet Flight. As the "Champs" of the last meeting—No. 6 Course—are competing again, as Red Flight (Unless overcome by their "Wings Exam" com-

## "THERE IS A REAPER"



Longfellow's theory of advanced aerobatics as further expounded by Mr. Bjornson and every Flying Instructor since the days of Wilbur Wright, gets a further fillip with the publication of this week's photograph of the Grim Reaper himself, stalking his prey in the precincts of the Riddle Field Canteen. (No disparagement meant, Leila!)

plex!) a keen meeting can be anticipated. Hard Luck, Red Flight, that your Ace Tony Hawley is still on the Sick List—You need him when these Instructors move in!

Apparently Hawaii is not outside the scope of Blue Flight whilst on leave. Here we find the Flight's "Instrument man" (Watches included), Bob Walmsley, in excellent company on the sands of some southern Coral paradise. When asked about his grass skirt, Bob modestly, and probably untruthfully, replied that he didn't get any. Despite his exotic "Hula-Hula" appearance, and lei, we are much more interested in the left hand background of the picture. What about giving us her phone number, Bob? or is it a "Dusky Secret?"

## The Scene Changes

We should like to take this opportunity of wishing all the best of luck to Primary Flight Instructor J. B. THOMAS on his departure from Riddle Field. Mr. Thomas has been granted a commission in the U. S. Navy as a flight instructor or ferry pilot. By the time this appears, he will already be at Corpus Christi, Texas, and he carries with him the best wishes of the entire School.

## CADET CHATTER

As our roving reporter moved around the Flights last week, he found in them a great variety of feeling. Red Flight, just coming out of a daze after their week's furlough, and preparing to go into another prior to "Wings;" Blue Flight, with a similar air of bewilderment, and telling terrific stories of journeys covering almost all the 48 States; Yellow Flight proud at having moved away from the junior position, and Lording it with a very knowing air over Green Flight, who, hot and weary, were



"South Sea Island Magic"



still trying to work out the exact connection between Mr. Bjornsen's "Slugs," Mr. Stearmans P.T.s., and their Course Commander's voice, and wondering just what Miami really does look like (Tell 'em, somebody)!

Blue Flights leave is rapidly becoming a myth. Miami received the main impact. Towards the last, Macfadden Deauville attendants could be seen walking in their sleep muttering "What next?", whilst a streak of grey hair, and 3 stripes flashed past at full boost, with a frantic female following fast astern. She caught you, didn't she, Laurie? A Boy, already famous as "No sox," surpassed himself by trying a spot of sun-bathing in an open boat with disastrous results. Bob Walmsley, and Ted Taylor visited Key West, probably as far South as the R.A.F. has ever penetrated, whilst Nelson Jay and McKay are still paying the price of under-estimating the power of Texan sand-storms, and sending their love to the C.O. from Jacksonville. In the North, Turton toured Niagara, whilst Baker and friends became modern Cinderella's overnight. Course Commander Frank Pegg was very ably entertained by Jack Hopkins in Indiana; but so far we haven't heard of anyone gate-crashing Hollywood.

As a result, the Southbound "Champion" on that Saturday bore a very strong Riddle Field flavouring, which immediately proceeded to make strategic withdrawals to the club car. We understand that Mr. Winkler is still contemplating photos of Veronica Lake, whilst Mr. Bing tears out Mr. Rooney's hair, muttering "I saw her first."

Meanwhile, Yellow Flight held the fort to great advantage. Given a real "48" they migrated to the coast, where they managed to get around quite a lot. Styling themselves as English Bing Crosby's, Bob Gray and Arthur Pagram made a hit at ritzy George Washington Hotel, West Palm Beach, by singing "Bless 'em all" (Not the words you know, Cecil). If they were singing for their supper, I guess they starved, though, and no return engagement was booked.

They call W. Shaw the "Chameleon" now. He fell asleep Yellow, and woke up Blue—but don't tell Harry about that—It's a mere technicality.

A popular call in Green Flight nowadays is "Get some in!" We have to hand it to Section Leader Matthews, with over 9 years service in the Army. We marvel at his sanity. They say that old soldiers never die; but Matthews shows no sign of even fading away.

## DON ROBBINS IS SAFE!

Around Arcadia and Clewiston last week we heard more than once the rumor that DR. DONALD F. ROBBINS, Municipal Base Flight graduate and former Riddle Field Instructor who is now with Pan American Airways, had been forced down and lost in the jungles in South America. Don, being one of our good friends and an old member of "The Gang," we're darned glad to be able to explode that rumor herewith . . . he is not only well and safe, but attended the School party at the Deauville last Saturday evening . . . and even helped Ye Editor and Tom Moxley wait on tables when the regular waiters failed to appear!

Yowsah, "Doc. Don" is flyin' 'em on the beam with P.A.A., doing a swell job of it, and has plenty of experience to tell. Among other things, he told us that EVERYWHERE he goes in South America, he meets some of the old Embry-Riddle gang . . . KIM SCRIBNER is flying from Natal to Africa . . . BUD HALLOWAY is on the North Atlantic run, flying from New York City to Ireland . . . JACK WANTZ and C. K. REXRODE

are both doing okay, are well, safe and happy, flying farflung routes that can't be named on account of you know what! However, it's swell to hear from and about these fellers . . . all good luck and happy landings to all of 'em from all of us!

## NOTES FROM YE EDITOR'S NOTE BOOK

Dear Gang—there seems to be a pretty persistent rumor that Ye Editor is about to leave for the Service . . . a rumor that we can't deny, it being true! Meanwhile, the *Fly Paper* continues to "fly", and we, by gosh, are having a field day attending "farewell" parties . . . the score to date is three in Miami, two in Arcadia and one in Clewiston, with another one coming up next week . . . we're actually getting fat!

### Fifteen Pounds of Ribs!

Biggest eatin' feast we've had in many a year was the impromptu rib-roast Dorr Field's TOM and BLANCHE GATES threw for us at their lovely Arcadia country home last Thursday . . . it's embarrassing enough to have to admit that nine of us ate 15 pounds of spare-ribs without the "Squire" telling Boss Riddle that Ye Editor, alone, ate the whole 15 pounds! . . . not that we couldn't have if we'd had a little more time . . . among the others making pigs of ourselves, inside and out, were "Chef" Charlie Barclay and Estelle, Brook and Kitty Harper, a swell feller we knew only as "The Roach," Hal and Peggie Emrick and Tom and Betty Turner . . . that was a party we'd like a repeat on at least once a week!

### Another Lovely Home

Speaking of nice homes . . . you should see the hacienda the Jack Hunts just moved into! . . . on Magnolia Avenue in Arcadia, it is the

perfect setting for a retired millionaire banker . . . says Mrs. Hunt, "Now, maybe Jack will spend only 23 hours a day at Carlstrom . . . a barbecue pit is in the process of construction in the yard . . . and we hope this publicity plug rates us an invite to the house warming . . . Incidentally, to Mr. Hunt, a million thanks for the loan of his car during our stay in Arcadia . . . in these days . . . "Greater love hath no man than he who will loan an automobile! . . . the said car, of pre-war vintage (which war?) is affectionately called "Lula-belle," and believe us, she's a lulu all right! . . . a question about which we wondered but didn't dare ask concerns all those notches cut on the steering wheel . . . ?

### This Was No Rodeo

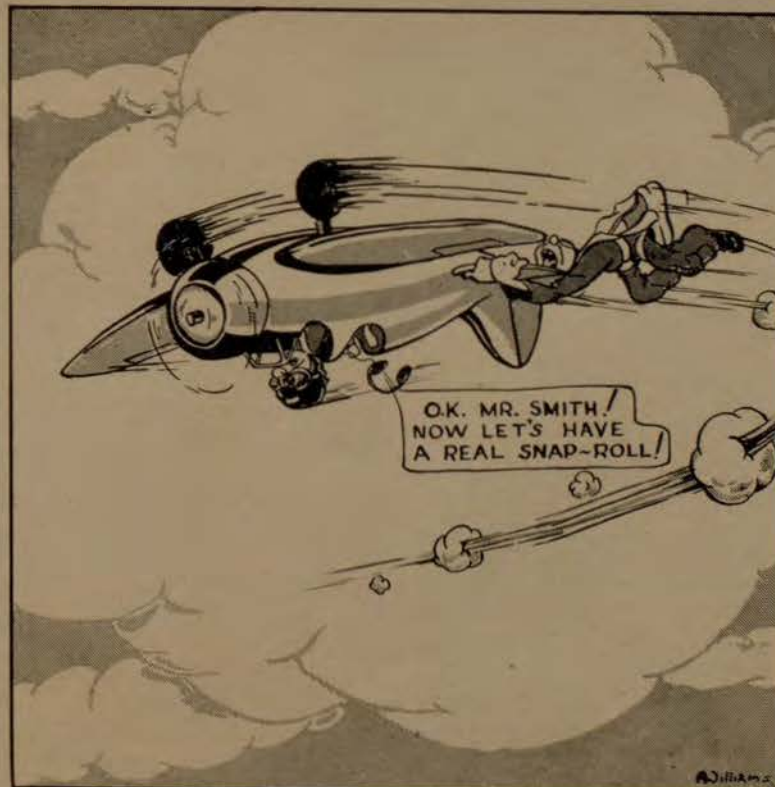
We can definitely assure that the preview of the Arcadia Rodeo was NOT held in the Carlstrom Field Operations Office . . . despite the amount of "bull" that was being thrown there last week . . . half the fun of working around the "flying family" is our opportunities to sit in on hangar flying sessions . . . the world's champion liar would not have a chance with this gang . . . can you imagine Heinie Kight, Charlie Fulford, Clem Whittenbeck, Sterling Camden and Frank Archibald trying to out-talk each other? . . . that's an experience we'll never forget . . . we're afraid!

### Excuse of the Year

On the subject of tall stories, about the best excuse we've ever heard a cadet make for being "eliminated" came from a Carlstrom Cadet . . . he blamed it all on JOYCE TEW, saying, "The first time I saw her, I ground-looped; the second time I saw her, I fluffed a landing; and the third time I saw her I just completely forgot that I was supposed to be riding a check! (sigh) Whatta gal!" . . . speaking of love, we had the pleasure of being among the first to congratulate Dorr Field's JEAN TRAWICK on her marriage to DICKIE WELLES . . . Dickie, by the way, is in the Air Force, awaiting assignment to a flight base . . . would be nice if he got sent to Dorr, huh?

### Black Magic

Reversing the old story of the Instructor telling the Cadet, "Well, Mister, you'll get that in about five more hours" is the story we heard about a certain Cadet giving his Instructor magic lessons, and calmly assuring him that he'd probably be able to make three sponges appear out of one in "about five more hours, Sir!"







The day is coming — the day of Victory.

There are encouraging signs — from Midway, from Cologne, from Melbourne — but that's all they are — encouraging. Only now, at last, are we beginning to hold our own. Only by united, concentrated effort can we swing the tide. We cannot afford to lose sight of the fact that America can lose this war — it's up to us, each and every one of us.

### HOW CAN I HELP?

Get training, some sort of training so that you can help in the factories, shipyards, during blackouts or in hundreds of other ways. Be a Nurse's Helper, join a Home Guard, State Militia, Civilian Defense, or Red Cross unit. The good American is the trained American!

### LEARN IN FLORIDA

Embry-Riddle gives specialist aviation career training — qualifying our graduates to take their Civil Aeronautics Administration examinations for Aircraft and Engine Mechanics licenses, Commercial license, Instructor and Instrument ratings. Air power will be the deciding factor for Victory. While learning at Embry-Riddle you'll enjoy the pleasure of living in Miami — air gateway to Latin America.

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## LETTER FROM ENGLAND

441 Wargrave Rd.  
Newton le Willows  
Lancs., Eng.  
June 23, 1942

Dear Mr. Belland:

Your letter of April 17th took rather a long time to reach me, but it did finally, and very pleased I was to read all the kind words you wrote about our boys. It has been a marvellous achievement! When one considers, that the majority were engaged on work of a purely academic nature and possessing only a little scientific knowledge, one marvels more! My own son, (specializing in woodwork & metal work at a University College), had been in a 'plane only once and was a cadet of the N.U.A.S. for six weeks before coming to U.S.A. Therefore, very great credit is due to the personnel of your flying school and not least of all its Flight Instructors and Ground Staff.

That it has been possible to take such "raw material" as these boys were and to have so quickly trained them for the perilous future, giving to them the necessary skill and confidence needed, is beyond all powers of imagination! Words fail to express my deep appreciation of the devoted work of all members of your staff. Thank you one and all!

Your FLY PAPER is a marvellous tonic! It is so persistently cheerful. If you could see the twinkle it brings to our eyes and the smiles to our faces as we find it falling from the letter box, you would realize that you are helping to lighten our hearts and strengthen our determination to spare nothing to preserve the ideals of Freedom as mirrored in your paper.

We are beginning to know you all. We are particularly interested in your pictures. I do hope that you have met my son before now. I look for his name among the guests at Syd Burrows' Hotel but don't find it. From his letters, he seems to like West Palm Beach and spends some of his time there, or else in the homes of the many friends he has made. Always, his letters refer in very warm terms of affection to the Staff and the friends who invite him to their homes. In his own mind he has planned to take me with him when he re-visits the U.S.A. to renew his friendships—after the war! I push aside the thought that the supreme sacrifice may be asked of my son. But I am getting doleful. I ought not to allow that for very soon now "our air warrior" will be opening the door to wish us "good morning."

I hope you will add my address to your visiting list when you start out on that visit to England. I should be most pleased to welcome you, or any member of your staff, to my home and personally express to you my appreciation of America's never ending-kindness.

Just to get acquainted (notice the influence of your Fly Paper!) I send you a small snap of myself as I was last year. This year I think I am a little thinner but can still smile.

You will be interested to learn that I have received every FLY PAPER from Jan. 15. The last to arrive was April 30 and I find it more interesting \*with each publication.

Don't forget an open welcome awaits



## LATIN AMERICANS

Continued from Page 1

Spanish!" said one. "Arcadia is just like we expected America to be... a small town full of frank, honest people."

The following day, Sunday, the rodeo continued, "only better. They had the—finals do you say? Also the best woman rider was chosen—pretty ladies, very good."

### Impressions

The boys came back most impressed at (1) the showers attached to the palm trees at Door Field, and (2) the friendliness and kindness of Mr. Riddle.

The big Boss drove with the boys on the way back, in fact, he actually drove them part of the way himself. "He is a very good driver," commented one of the Latin-Americans judiciously.

"He was so frank and simple," they said. "He seemed to enjoy being with us. He was a real—a real pal. He is a very kind gentleman."

### Best Weekend

Consensus of opinion among the boys was that they had had the best weekend since they arrived in America.

any of you who care to visit 441—that is, assuming that the Hun does not drop a bomb on it.

Wishing you every success both scholastically and socially.

Yours very sincerely,

MRS. E. A. BALL

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## Riddle Field to Celebrate July 18

Biggest recreational party in the history of Riddle Field, Clewiston, will take place Saturday, July 18, an event celebrating the first year of operation of No. 5 British Flying Training School (B. F. T. S.) at that field. Highlight of the celebration, to which all Embry-Riddle students and employees are invited, will be the big dance Saturday evening in Clewiston. Through the courtesy of the United States Sugar Corporation, the beautiful Sugarland Auditorium has been made available for dancing to the Morrison Field orchestra, which will play from 9 to 1 a. m., being followed, it is hoped, by the first appearance of the Riddle Field R.A.F. Cadet Orchestra.

To defray costs of the orchestra and "perhaps add a bit to the student athletic fund," an admission charge of \$1.50 per couple or \$1.00 stag will be made for the dancing. Present plans indicate a "super-duper" time, everyone who possibly can is urged to attend.